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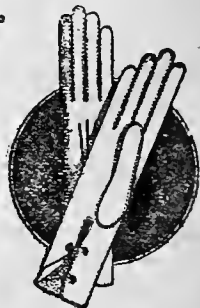
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VOL. XL.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SEPTEMBER 15, 1905.

No. 18

GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES OF EARLY DAYS.

CHAPTER X.

VERY likely you have all along during these stories been thinking of me as a little girl. But, like other girls, I had been growing. You perhaps remember that in 1843 I was between eight and nine years old. In 1851, when I entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake I was approaching my seventeenth year. It was in the following spring when I got that great Indian scare that I told you of last time, and I was therefore eighteen. So you see I was quite a young woman.

I told you last time that I had an escort that afternoon to protect me from any Indians on my return journey. It consisted of three men, armed, one of whom became your grandfather. It came about in this way:

He happened to be visiting his sister, who lived at the place where I stopped to dry my clothes when I clambered out of the creek. His home was in Salt Lake. When I told my story to the family, he and two other men willingly volunteered to accompany me home. When we reached there that evening he was taken violently sick with cramps in the stomach, an affliction with which he had suf-

fered a great deal and was to suffer a great deal more. He remained that night and the next day and night, enduring great pain all the while. During this whole time he was unable to eat anything substantial. Finally, he was restored, and went home.

He was a young man of about twenty-four years, large and apparently very strong. I thought nothing in particular about either the circumstance of himself and the others accompanying me home or that of his staying there afterwards, beyond a gratitude for a kindness received. Nor do I suppose he thought anything about it. But this was the first of those things that happened to change very materially our relations.

It was in the autumn of 1852. I was then living in the city. There was a great deal said at the time about plural marriage, or what the world calls "polygamy." In August of this year the revelation on celestial marriage was read at a special conference held in the "Old Tabernacle," followed by a discourse on the same subject by Apostle Orson Pratt. Both of these I had heard, and held up my hand to sustain, with the rest of the congregation present. For a long time

afterwards this was the principal subject of conversation everywhere.

Not that it was a new doctrine. For it had been revealed to the Prophet Joseph in 1843, and practiced by himself and other brethren at Nauvoo. But this was the first time that it was made public, and this was the first public sermon on the subject. Though a good many of the Saints knew of it before this, still there were a great many who heard it spoken of at this conference for the first time. The principle was new to me, but I believed the Gospel, and had confidence in the inspired wisdom of the Church authorities.

During that summer and fall I saw a great deal of your grandfather, associating enough with him to know that he was a good man. I knew, of course, that he was married. He never thought of concealing the fact—there was no need or temptation to. I formed an attachment for him and he for me. The upshot of it all was that we were married. As this was before there were any temples built here, the ceremony was performed in President Young's office by his first counselor, Heber C. Kimball. So I was a second wife, and your mother was born in plural marriage. After this there was another woman added to our household, which made three.

We all lived at first in the same house. It was a large two-story building in the north-western part of the city, in what was then thought to be an uninhabitable section. Half of our land was covered with standing water, though it has since been drained off, making the neighboring country as good as any. It was built of adobe, the larger kind: the walls were unusually thick, which made it warm in the winter and cool in the summer.

Next spring I went to live in the canyon. We owned a saw mill in what was called the North Mill Creek canyon,

about twelve miles north of Salt Lake City. Thousands of feet of lumber were hauled from this mill to build many of the best houses in the city. Generally during those years we stayed at the mill from early spring till late in the fall, and sometimes all winter, for we had a good house there, with plenty of wood at hand, and provisions brought to our door. But in 1853, the killing of three men in Parley's canyon, presumably by the Indians, frightened us so that we came down as soon as we heard of it, for fear that they might suddenly pounce upon us some day or night. Then again



OUR HOME IN THE CANYON.

in 1856 we were compelled to come into the city earlier than usual on account of what was called the famine.

* * * *

In the summer of the previous year the grasshoppers had come in great, dark clouds, eating every green thing in sight, and leaving behind them a desert as barren almost as this valley was when it was first entered by the pioneers in 1847. There were parts of the territory that they did not visit, but they destroyed what would have become many thousands of bushels of grain. Then there was for some reason a great scarcity of water, and a good deal that escaped those terrible hoppers was caught by the drouth. Between them both we had a sorry time of it next year, in 1856.

Ever since the Saints have been here,

President Young and the other leaders of the Church have been advising people to lay up grain for the seventh year. That is, every seventh year they should not plant anything, but let the ground rest, just as we rest every seventh day. By doing this, the earth would yield so much the more during those years when it should be working, so to speak. Then, too, President Kimball used to say so much about famine, advising the Saints to lay up a stock of grain, lest a famine should come upon them.

That winter and the following summer there was much suffering for want of food. The Saints were instructed to share what they had with those who were in need. But, indeed, they would have done it without instructions, for how could anybody eat bread when he knew that his neighbor had none? All the food was rationed out by those who had any. Many went out in the fields and dug roots to eat—nettles, dandelions and similar plants. Heber C. Kimball kept an open table, and had at his house nearly all the time from twenty-five to one hundred persons who had no food of their own.

One of President Young's wives—a good, kind woman—never could refuse any one flour who came for it. Time and again she scraped her flour-bin clean, but when she went to it next time, either for herself or her neighbor who came to borrow, there was always a little more to be had. Where it came from, no one seemed to know, but there could be no doubt about the fact itself. Where do you think it came from?

Another case very much like this I remember well. For a time all our neighbors were talking about it. Two little girls lived alone, their father and mother were both dead, their father having passed away in the hand-cart company, the mother only the spring before. One day, when their flour was all gone

and there was no more to be got anywhere, a man came to the door, walked in, and placed on the floor a whole sack of flour. This was all the more strange, for it was toward the last days of the famine, when such a great amount of flour was unknown anywhere, as far as we knew. Everyone declared it to have been brought by one of the three Nephites whom Jesus said should not die. Whether it was or not I do not know, but I do know that it was done under these circumstances.

Early in the spring our flour gave out, and for three months we did not know the taste of bread or potatoes, the two main articles of food with us. We were therefore among those who dug roots and collected all kinds of nutritious weeds. I can remember painfully well what great apprehensions I used to experience lest the cow should go dry. So I used to take her out to the greenest grass—everything was then growing nicely, and we expected an abundant harvest—and guard her carefully. I always took my knitting with me, and while the cow was feeding, I was working busily with my fingers so as not to lose any time.

Once, towards the end of the famine, though before any except the very earliest grain ripened, my stepfather, who had a little of this early wheat, sent us some flour. There was only enough for one cake apiece for the family. And what a feast we expected to have on that flour! While I was cooking the last cake—the rest having been eaten—a young woman came in, a neighbor of ours. She was so thin and gaunt, with having no nourishing food for herself and her nursing baby, that I gave this last cake to her. She would hardly take it, but she finally did; and with what eagerness she devoured it! I take no credit to myself for doing this, for the sight was so pitiful that no woman with a breast could have done anything else. As for myself, though I didn't

share in the expected feast, I felt better. I believe, than I would have done if I had.

You may be sure that everybody watched the growing crops. Some did this so eagerly that they cut some barley before it was ripe.

President Young when the grain had been cut and gathered, ordered all the fields thrown open to the children so that they might glean, that is, pick up all the loose heads of grain they could find. The only condition put on them was that they should not enter a field where the wheat was uncut. At this time, therefore, you might have seen all the wheat fields that were harvested filled with barefoot children industriously gathering the heads of grain and putting them into their sacks. I knew one little girl who gleaned in this way more than sixteen bushels of wheat that fall.

Brother Kimball told the Saints while the famine was in full sway that he thought it was a good thing. He and the other brethren, he said, had been all along telling them to save as much of their wheat as possible; but they had not done it in general. Only a few had taken the advice. Now, he thought, this would prove a lesson to them, and for the future they would see the necessity of obeying counsel. For some time they did think of his words, but plenty served to push out this thought, and I suppose that another famine would have brought about as much hardships as this, had it come without warning a few years later.

During all this time of scarcity we found no difference in our spiritual condition, unless it was that we were better. We attended meetings regularly, and all the Saints felt more kindly towards one another. Nor did we forget our amusements—dances, entertainments, and theatres. These we kept up partly to take our minds off other things.

* * * *

And now I come to what was known among us as the Reformation, which occurred also in 1856 and 1857.

The first intimation I had of the revival or reformation—and I suppose it was the same with others aside from the authorities—was at a meeting held in the Social Hall, on State street, between South Temple and First South street. President Young himself read a set of questions to the audience. I cannot remember all of them, but some were about like this, though probably not in the same order nor wording,

“Did you ever shed innocent blood?”

“Have you ever stolen anything?”

“Do you take the name of God in vain?”

“Do you drink intoxicating liquors?”

“Do you honor the priesthood?”

“Do you teach your family, according to your best knowledge, the principles of truth and right living?”

“Do you speak evil of any of the authorities placed over you, or of your neighbors?”

These questions were afterwards printed on a sheet of paper, and a copy given every person belonging to the Church, with the request that he answer each one, yes or no.

Besides, missionaries were sent into every ward and branch in Deseret, as we then called Utah. The people were taught the principle of repentance and forgiveness, according to the law of God in the Doctrine and Covenants. No harshness was used, but the feelings of the Saints were appealed to. Very few, therefore, could resist the preachings of the Elders. And as a result, there was a great movement throughout the Church for a better living and a stricter adherence to the requirements of the Gospel.

You remember perhaps my telling you early in these stories something about a revival among the Methodists living in the neighborhood of De Kalb, in Missis-

issippi. Sectarian revivals are generally very noisy and excitable affairs. But this reformation in the Church during the winter of 1856-7 was the quietest possible. Nothing could be more orderly and noiseless, though it accomplished wonderful changes in people's lives, and was more lasting than those movements that are accompanied by noise and excitement. Everybody was talking about it; everybody went to meetings, and everybody answered the questions in the "Catechism," as it was called, and everybody began quietly to examine his past life to see what he had done that was wrong, and from that moment did his best to correct his ways of living. If he had offended anyone, he was required to seek forgiveness; if he had stolen, he was asked to return three or four times the value of what he had taken. And so on. But the most important result was, that he endeavored not to offend or to steal again.

One of the most active workers in this movement was Jedediah M. Grant, father of Apostle Heber J. Grant, and then one of the counselors of President Young.

He was naturally an enthusiastic man, carrying everything before him. From one settlement to another this good man went, preaching his irresistible doctrine of repentance, till he wore himself out completely, and he died before the reformation was over.

Not only at home, but in all the branches of the Church abroad were the effects of this movement felt. The missionaries in the world carried on the good work in their fields, till there was not a soul in all the Church that was untouched by it. It is wonderful how this reformation spread from that meeting in Social Hall, attended by a few hundreds!

During this winter the principle of plural marriage was preached a good deal and those men who were able and worthy were advised to enter into the order. It was at this time that your grandfather, married a third wife. Bishop Raleigh recommended his name to President Young as a worthy man, and he was accordingly married.

Next time I shall tell you something about what has since been known as the "Move South."



THE PHARISEES.



CLOSER acquaintance with the people who surrounded Jesus during His ministry upon this earth gives us a better understanding of many of His teachings. Indeed, there is very much that we should be at a complete loss to comprehend if we could learn nothing of those to whom they were especially addressed. His scathing rebukes, His sarcasm, and the hidden aim of many of His parables would appear harsh and meaningless un-

less we knew something of the character of the people who called them forth.

For over a hundred years before the coming of Christ the Jews had been divided into at least three principal sects the Pharisees, the Sadducees and the Essenes. With the two former the Master came constantly into contact from the beginning of His ministry until they were the chief factors in bringing about His crucifixion.

The Pharisees however were the more

closely associated with Him, they followed Him and watched His actions; they pointed out wherein He failed to perform those ceremonies which they had come to consider so all important. They sought to entrap Him by skilful questions and were jealous of the power He manifested, attributing it to an evil source. They utterly failed to see in Him that great King for whom they had been looking for many generations. They called Him a blasphemer if He even hinted at His real position, and at last made this the chief accusation against Him for which He was judged worthy of death.

The Sadducees held themselves aloof from the multitude as the aristocrats of the nation. For this reason we do not find that they were continually with Jesus, yet their doctrine, as a whole, was even more opposed to His, than was that of the Pharisees, for the Sadducees had no belief in a life to come. Jesus understood their pride and they too came in for their share of his stinging rebuke. They were the rulers and High Priests to whom Christ came for final judgment.

The Pharisees were the most numerous and powerful sect of the Jews, and are said to have been known as a sect since shortly after the Babylonian captivity. They were not restricted to any family or class of men; there were Pharisees of every tribe, family and condition. The Pharisees, Sadducees and Essenes all started from the same point—a firm adherence to the national faith—but some among them began to profess a stricter obedience to the law and a firmer determination not to introduce anything into their worship that savored at all of the practices of the nations surrounding them, and these people soon drew away from the others and became a separate sect. The name Pharisee is derived from the Hebrew verb meaning to separate. They also professed an uncommon separation

from the apparel and customs of the world to the study of the law, and an extraordinary devotion to God and sanctity of life, beyond all other men. Hence it is not hard to imagine that in time they actually would be thanking God that they were not as other men. They boasted that, from their accurate knowledge of religion, they were the favorites of heaven; and thus, trusting in themselves that they were righteous, they grew to despise others (Luke 18: 9-11).

Some of their tenets may be enumerated as follows:

They ascribed all things to fate or providence, yet not so absolutely as to take away the free will of man.

They believed in the existence of angels and spirits, and in the resurrection of the dead (Acts 23: 8); but from the account given of them by Josephus, it appears that they believed that the soul, after the dissolution of one body, winged its flight into another; and that these removals were perpetuated and diversified through an infinite succession, the soul animating a sound and healthy body, or being confined in a deformed and diseased frame, according to its conduct in a prior state of existence.

From the Pharisees, whose tenets and traditions the people generally received, it is evident that the disciples of our Lord were influenced by the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Having met with a man who had been born blind, they asked Him if it were the sins of this man in a former life which had caused this punishment to come upon him. Christ's answer to the question will be remembered, that neither the man's vices nor his sins in a pre-existent state, nor those of his parents, were the cause of the calamity (John 9: 1-4).

From the same notion, also derived from the Greek philosophy, we find that during the Savior's public ministry the

Jews speculated variously concerning Him, and indulged several conjectures, as to which of the ancient prophets it was whose soul now animated Him, and performed such astonishing miracles. Some contended that it was the spirit of Elias; others of Jeremiah; while others, less sanguine, only declared in general terms that it must be the soul of one of the old prophets by which these mighty deeds were now wrought (Matt. 16: 14; Luke 9: 19).

The Pharisees contended that because they were the children of Abraham God was in justice bound to bless them, because of the promises made to that patriarch. They believed that they would all be made partakers of the earthly kingdom of the Messiah, and that God would justify them and make them eternally happy. We find that John rebuked them when they came to him for baptism, telling them to bring forth fruits meet for repentance, and not to say within themselves, "We have Abraham for our father," reminding them that of the stones God might raise up children unto Abraham.

They distorted the meaning of the Mosaic law so as to suit their own philosophical system. The requirement of loving their neighbor, they expounded solely of the love of friends, that is, of the whole Jewish race; all other persons being considered by them as natural enemies whom they were in no respect bound to assist. This feeling doubtless called forth the parable of the good Samaritan (Luke 10: 31-37).

So rigorously did they understand the command of observing the Sabbath day that they accounted it unlawful to heal the sick, to pluck ears of corn, to appease hunger, etc., on that day. Jesus reasoned with them that it was proper to do good on the Sabbath day, that that was its purpose, and He carried out His teachings before their eyes, for which they often sought occasion against him (Matt. 12).

The laws of Moses to which there was no penalty attached they believed to be the petty commandments, and the ceremonial laws they considered the weightier matters, and preferred them, to the total neglect of mercy and fidelity. Hence they accounted causeless anger and impure desires as trifles of no moment (Matt. 5: 21, 22, 27-30).

There is no denying, from what we can learn of them, that as a whole they were vain and anxious for public applause. At their prayers they bore themselves proudly and sought to be heard; in fasting they drew their countenances so that all could see they were fasting; in giving alms they sounded a shrill trumpet before them, proclaiming their shining virtue, and getting their reward by being applauded of men.

Under a sanctimonious appearance of respect for the memories of the prophets whom their ancestors had slain, they repaired and beautified their sepulchres, saying that if they had lived in the days of the prophets they would not have taken part in their death.

Their idea of their own sanctity was such that they thought themselves defiled if they but touched or conversed with sinners, with publicans or tax-gatherers, and persons of loose and irregular lives. Because Jesus saw fit to mingle with and teach such people they continually found fault with Him (Luke 7: 39; 15: 1).

But above all their other tenets the Pharisees were conspicuous for their reverential observance of the traditions of the elders; these traditions, embracing many forms and ceremonies, they pretended had been handed down from generation to generation, but were not committed to writing; and they were not merely considered of equal authority with the law, but even preferable to it.

Among the traditions thus sanctimoniously observed, we may briefly notice

the following: (1) The washing of hands up to the wrist before and after meat (Matt. 15:2; Mark 7:3), which they accounted not merely a religious duty, but considered its omission as a crime equal to fornication, and punishable by excommunication. (2) The purification of the cups, vessels and couches used at their meals by ablutions and washings (Mark 7:4), for which purpose the six large water pots mentioned by St. John in his account of the marriage feast at Cana were probably destined. (3) Their punctilious payment of tithes, even of the most trifling things, being obligated to pay all tithes before the use or sale of any commodity, nothing being allowed to be eaten with regard to the tithing of which there was any doubt. (4) Their wearing broader phylacteries* and larger fringes to their garments than the rest of the Jews (Matt. 23:5). He who wore his phylactery and his fringe of the largest size was reputed to be the most devout.

It was a matter of both principle and policy to multiply the external signs by which they were distinguished. Tassels on their dresses; scrolls and small leather boxes fastened to their foreheads, necks and heads, inscribed with texts of the law; long prayers offered in public places; rigorous abstinence, constant immersions; these were the sacramental badges by which they hedged themselves

around; the salutes in the market places, the reverential kiss offered by scholars to their masters or by rabbis to each other, the greeting of "Abba," father, the long robes with broad blue fronts, all these go to make up the picture of the Pharisee in life.

Still there was undoubtedly another side of the Pharisaical character. They held to certain doctrines, such as the resurrection and future life with a tenacity unknown to the people at large: while their strictness on points of religious observation served as an antidote to the prevailing laxity. Some of the disciples of Christ undoubtedly were once Pharisees; Nicodemus, noted for his uprightness of life, was one of that sect, and the Apostle Paul was also a Pharisee, and he spoke of the sect as the strictest of all, and upon this we might put a favorable construction, for it is evident, from the extraordinary favor of God upon him after his conversion, that he was not tainted with the vices common to so many of the sect.

Rev. John Watson, in his "Life of the Master," makes a plea for the Pharisees, which is at once interesting and new, and is here given:

The Pharisee was in evidence during Jesus' whole public career, and whose name is now the byword of religious speech. It were too late in the day to offer an apology for this man, or to repeal his just condemnation, but it is needful to understand him. If we consider him as nothing more than an ignorant bigot or an unscrupulous hypocrite, we cannot hope to understand the inwardness of the public duel which lasted for two years at least between him and Jesus. Such a Pharisee—one who was a mere travesty upon morality—could never have won the suffrages of the Jewish people; such an opponent could never have defeated Jesus, even for a day, even in appearance. The Pharisee must have won the respect of his nation: he must still be giving pledges of sincerity, and, as a matter of fact, a good case could be made for the average Pharisee. His was the patriotic party which, from the time of Ezra, and through

* The Phylacteries had their origin from the law (Deut. 6:8) "Thou shalt bind them (the divine precepts) for a sign upon thine hands, and as frontlets between thine eyes." This precept, which enjoined the constant remembrance of God's law, the Jews in later times interpreted literally. Hence they fastened to their foreheads and on their left arms portions of the law written upon parchment, and called in their own language prayers. But in Greek they were named Phylacteries, and were to put them in mind of the divine precepts. The Pharisees made these broad for show.

the heroic struggle of the Maccabees, when the priests were their allies, sustained the national spirit and repudiated the foreign yoke. His ideal of God's commonwealth may have been narrow, but it was intense; his attitude to the outside world may have been bitter, but it was sincere. His social ritual was burdensome and absurd, but it was well intentioned and had its strength in conscience; it was an honest effort to guard the religious life of the family from the corruption of intercourse with strangers and sinners. One great service, beyond all question, was rendered by the Pharisee, for he preserved the revelation of his fathers with unswerving loyalty, and in especial defended its late priceless addition,—faith in immortality and the unseen world. For his patriotism and courage, for his conscientiousness and spirituality, the Pharisee ought to be approved. He had at least a just pride in the nation's past; he was not willing to gather gain out of foreign oppression; he believed with all his soul in the destiny of the Jew, and was ready to make the last sacrifice to maintain it inviolate. It is the degeneration of the best which makes the worst; and it is one of the paradoxes of history that this man, who was in his full intention the loyal heir of his fathers and the jealous custodian of the national treasures, should be the opprobrium of the gospels, and should deal the death-stroke of his people. From our distance it is a light task to explain his declension; it has its analogy in every age. The Pharisee believed so blindly in the God of the fathers that he was not able to believe in the God of the children, considering revelation to be closed; he honored so utterly the good men of the past that he supposed wisdom to have died with them, counting tradition as sacred as the law; he clung so fiercely to his own conception of the Messiah that his mind was sealed against light—receiving a spiritual Christ as an impostor. His earnestness had degenerated into fanaticism, his conscientiousness into unreality, his resolution into obstinacy, till vain customs were more to him than righteousness, till he hated the very goodness of God when it was incarnate before his eyes. Under the Pharisee sin had captured religion. From almost the first, and certainly to the last, of Jesus' public life, the Pharisee was his watchful, ingenious, ungenerous, unrelenting foe; and as we follow the Master's history our anger will be hot against the Pharisee, and we shall wish to stone him, but let us be sure that we have the right. Would we have been broader

and wiser than this man had we lived in his day and been fed on his doctrines? Suppose that the Master had come at the opening of the twentieth century, which prides itself upon its light and charity, and carried Himself after a similar fashion to that which offended the people of the first century; had he brushed aside the dogmas of our day and our religious customs, our traditions of the elders, and our washing of hands; had he avoided the circles of professional religionists in every city and associated himself with disreputable people—would His holiness and His grace have protected Him from censure and slander and persecution? Had He been a minister of religion, would He not have been deposed from office? Had He been a layman would He not have been put under the ban of the Church? And is any man so convinced of his own insight and charity as to be sure he would not have had his share in this injustice?

There is one thing certain, Jesus understood them; He argued with them after their own fashion. They questioned Him on all subjects, thinking to entrap Him, but He invariably sent them away wondering at His wisdom, even though they were jealous of Him. He questioned them in return, and they had to acknowledge themselves unable to answer Him (note Matt. 22:41-46), though in most cases His words had no effect upon their lives, and Jesus seemed to realize that that would be the case. He reproveth them without fear, though he must have been fully aware of the power of their party. His character stands out in a stronger light because of the way He dealt with them. Their hypocrisy was an open book to Him, and He pronounced woes upon them for all their hypocritical doings in no uncertain terms. Every ceremony which they performed with so much pride He denounced as being of no worth, the very performance of which Jesus knew had narrowed their understanding of the great blessings God had in store for His chosen people had they only been in a position to receive them. But blinded by their own interpretations,

set against the light which came into the world, Jesus could do nothing for them as a whole but to pronounce woes upon

them which He knew they were fast bringing upon themselves (Matt 23rd chap).
B. I.



WITH THE ELDERS.

PART XVII.

TO MEETINGS.

DURING one of our first afternoons in Nottingham, two of the Elders are asked to hold an evening street meeting at Arnold, a quiet suburb town about an hour's walk in a northeasterly direction from the city. Of course, we are delighted with the invitation to go along, for it is our desire to

see a "Mormon" open air meeting in this far off land. Prior to leaving, both the missionaries provide themselves with New Testaments to use in case of need and also a supply of tracts to be distributed after the meeting.

We enjoy our walk to the town and on coming to a corner, not far from the main street, the elders stop, step into the roadway, and, with but little ceremony, begin singing, "O, My Father." This method



ELDERS AT NOTTINGHAM.

of procedure rather surprises us. We look up and down the street and are able to count only six persons. We wonder where "the crowd" is coming from. The song is finished and one of the six has stopped to see "what's going on." An appropriate, but short prayer is offered and then another hymn is sung. By this time, four more adults and three children are numbered among the spectators or listeners, as the case may be. But Elder S— is equal to the task. He begins preaching to his little audience in a loud tone and pretty soon men and women in nearby houses and within sound of his voice flock about to find who he is and what he is saying. Some on learning "'tis only religion," or that "he's a Mormon," pass on or return to their homes, but most, however, remain to hear both the preachers and also the concluding prayer.

After dismissal, we help in the distribution of the tracts and find that, by giving each adult one, there are but eleven out of sixty left. The elders seem to think forty-nine persons make a pretty good gathering for so small a place, and especially pleased are they from the fact that so many remained till after benediction and that there was no sign of disorder, aside from the noise of playing children, during the entire meeting. On the whole, our first impressions of street-meetings are quite favorable, but we are cautioned against judging the smoothness of all such gatherings by this one.

An evening or two later, we are again privileged to join two Elders in a similar meeting held at Beeston, three miles southwest of Nottingham. This little town is somewhat noted, in these parts, for bicycles and fine laces. We are informed that Mr. Dowie, the leader of the New Zion movement near Chicago, obtained his ideas of lace making here be-

fore opening up the factory in his own city. The streets of Beeston, like all others we have seen in old England, give evidence of diligent care bestowed upon them, and the place seems to impress us as one of comparative thrift and business.

The Elders, no doubt, have been here before; they make right straight to a somewhat quiet corner on the busiest street and there proceed about as they did at Arnold. A goodly number of people are strolling up and down near the selected corner, so it is not many minutes before there is quite a ring of listeners encircled about the Elders. Each of the missionaries, as before, takes his turn at speaking, after which benediction is pronounced, and then some sixty tracts are distributed.

No sooner is the "amen" of the closing prayer said, than a short, chunky fellow of perhaps forty years jumps into the ring and begins denouncing Brigham Young and all the Mormons. But the Elders go on distributing their tracts and then leave quietly for home, allowing the fellow to talk in peace, thus avoiding what most likely would have been an unprofitable wrangle. We admire their way of doing and must confess that greater courage is required, under such circumstances, to walk off in dignified silence than to remain and "give it back" to the falsifier. It is indeed a true saying that a man will not quarrel long unless he has an opponent with whom to quarrel.

Next Saturday evening sees nearly all the Nottingham Conference Elders and some of the mission presidency from Liverpool assembled at "headquarters" prior to attending the District Meetings at Hucknall Torkard on the morrow. The meetings have been well advertised by the Elders throughout the conference and by two thousand dodgers being circulated to that many homes of the town in which

the meetings are to be held. The dodgers read as follows:—

NOTICE.

THERE WILL BE
DISTRICT MEETINGS
OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST
OF
LATTER-DAY SAINTS

HELD IN THE
CO-OPERATIVE HALL, HUCKNALL,
On Sunday, August 20.

Services to commence at 2 p. m.
and 6 p. m.

Gentlemen from Utah will be present and address the meeting.

Apply thine heart unto instruction and thine ears to the words of knowledge.—Proverbs 23: 12.

“Sabbath morning comes with gladness” and soon the Elders are dressed in their frock coats and silk hats ready for the seven-mile journey northward to the coal-mining town of Hucknall Torkard. Some decide to go by rail others by 'bus. We prefer the latter, and indeed enjoy the morning ride along the level roads, through the picturesque country. A number of Nottingham Saints happen to take our 'bus, and of course their presence adds merriment to the party. Stories are told, Sunday School songs are sung, and all have a jolly good time. We pass iron smelters, glide around beautiful rural curves, under arched railway bridges and between fields of ripened grain, enlivened by sprinklings of wide-awake poppies.

At our destination we are welcomed by a delegation of Hucknall Torkard Saints who escort us to the home of Brother Betridge, a local Elder, and president of

this branch or district of the Church. Then, after a good, wholesome dinner, we make for the Co-operative Hall and participate in the general handshake and greeting prior to afternoon services. Something like two hundred Elders, Saints, friends and visitors attend the meeting and we feel sure all must be fully repaid after listening to the enthusiastic sermons by President R— of the conference, and President L— of the mission.

Saints and friends are not backward in taking us to their homes for “tea” or four o'clock lunch. It is our good fortune to accompany Judge Collins to his residence and partake of his open-hearted hospitality. Most of the time with him is spent in pleasing conversation regarding the United States, Utah, and the Mormons.

The judge kindly escorts us to the Hucknall Torkard church, where we are shown the simple grave of the famous poet, Lord Byron, covered by a square marble, bearing the words:

BYRON.

Born Jan. 22nd, 1788;

Died April 19th, 1824;

We wander back to the “meeting house” and find all in readiness to begin. About three hundred are now in the audience and every one seems to listen attentively to the eloquent discourses by Elder G—and President L—. On leaving the building after services, each “new comer” is provided with samples of Mormon literature for home perusal.

We feel the meetings were quite successful, both socially and spiritually, and as a substantial contribution was taken for hall rent, financially as well. We bid good night to our many new friends, then turn Nottinghamward, and make for home.

Delbert W. Parratt.

EDUCATION AND RESPONSIBILITY.

FORMAL education often pretends to reform those who receive it; and those who do not receive it are inclined to demand model conduct of the school-bred man and to condemn the school if its finished product falls to the common level of weakness and sin. Accordingly, when Prof. William James of Harvard declared at Chicago University that academic education does not insure character, some people said, "We told you so. College education does not give us better citizens." And other people accused Professor James of turning against his fraternity, proclaimed the ennobling influence of university ideals, and tried to outface the fact.

For it is a fact. Education does not insure character. True education does develop character if it has good human beings to work on. It cannot recreate character. We shall always behold the spectacle of book-informed men who lack the simple virtues, and the corresponding spectacle of men without experience in schools who are honest, upright, noble

and God-fearing, notwithstanding their ignorance of sciences and philosophies. Academic education is simply an opportunity to learn what is best, to train the vision to a high view of right and duty.

Like every kind of opportunity, it is often presented to a barren or unappreciative soul. For those to whom it is presented it creates a tremendous responsibility. The privilege of education robs a man of excuse for wrong-doing. The man or the woman who has been to a good college cannot advance the apology of ignorance for misdeeds and dull moral perceptions. We are just in demanding in the college graduate high honor, clear moral sight and honorable intention; whereas we do not with such evident justice demand fine moral discrimination of the man who has had small chance to learn. If the educated man fails, however, we cannot blame "higher education." The man has not been educated; he has merely gone through the forms.—*Home Companion*.



THE USE AND APPLICATION OF THE LESSON AIM.

THE lesson aim, what is it? It is the vital part, the spirit, the life. It is that indescribable something that gives purpose to the lesson. To be plain, it is the general truth that the lesson teaches.

This fact granted is it not strange that so many of our Sunday School workers make a so-called preparation of the lesson, read it over and over--get the subject matter to the minutest detail--without once asking themselves, what is

the aim, the purpose in all this? What lesson of life does it teach? Many teachers will say "Our aim is to impart a knowledge and develop a testimony of the Gospel." True, but this general aim can only be worked out by having a definite aim, some moral truth exemplified in every lesson.

In connection with this let us remember to aim also to inspire the mind. Inspiration, they tell us, is of far more importance than information. What the

learner loves counts far more than what he learns. This inspiration, this feeling, must first permeate our own beings. Teachers, we must feel.—love in every fibre of our souls what we desire our students to feel or love. We need heart power. We need to see beauty, love and goodness in the things that we teach in order to emphasize these qualities before the pupils. We must reach the feelings of our class. Remember that in cultivating the feelings we are cultivating the heart, and in just the ratio that the teacher loves and studies the lesson to be taught will the pupils manifest interest and gain inspiration.

In the theological department it is not always easy to determine upon an aim. Every lesson contains many truths that might be made aims. It is the teacher's part, then, after carefully, prayerfully, going over the subject, to select the one that his particular class most needs. Personally, I often select an aim having in mind one particular young man, or young lady, and give a lesson that in my poor judgment he or she may stand in need of. I realize that such a method must be used with care and calls for tact, combined with wisdom, but I have justified myself by recalling the Savior's parable: The good shepherd left the flock for a time to search for the one that had strayed.

Just here a word in connection with the preview. In order that the best results may be obtained teachers and pupils alike should direct their research along the same lines. Therefore when the teacher in a prepared, intelligently given preview points out the land marks of the next lesson, the points to be reached, he will also give the class to understand what the aim is going to be. Otherwise the subject will doubtless be taken up from entirely different standpoints and can result only in confusion and failure.

Having secured our aim, how shall we use it? Let us begin by simplifying the lesson—cutting out all the unnecessary details—and keeping those only that are essential. Often we attempt to give too much at a time. I feel that many of us make a mistake by following the "Outlines" too closely. While they are of the greatest help to us I believe they were given as a guide—to point out the way—but we, knowing our special conditions should use our own individuality and judgment in following that way. I do not see how a teacher can follow one clearly defined aim and use all of the hundred or more references given for each lesson. Select those only then needful to give a general single impression.

Our thought material accumulated, the next step is to logically group these thoughts around the main topics or ideas. The teacher who is to work out the aim must go before his class with the matter clearly mapped out in his own mind, and perhaps drawn out in writing. He should have clearly determined what points he proposes to reach and in what order they should be reached.

If this is done he will be more apt to keep to his subject and no teacher can successfully work out the aim of his lesson unless he does keep to the subject. As the conversation—the question and answer method—must be a free one, if the teacher is not cautious he may find some side question suggested that will draw him off from his line of thought to such an extent that he will fail to put before his class the points he intended. It requires some thought and skill in the teacher to treat such side issues in a reasonable and intelligent way, and still withstand their tendency to put him off the subject. Yet, if in his mind's eye he sees his aim clearly he will be successful in overcoming these difficulties.

Then again, let him make sure that he

is correctly understood, that the truth is made clear. The teacher may have reached every point in his own mind, and may have put his conclusions before the class only to find that the very pupils he wished most to touch have entirely lost the lesson.

I am reminded of the old story of the Sunday School teacher who undertook to teach the meaning of faith in his class. He called their attention to a boat floating on the river, in full view from the window, and said:

"Boys do you see that boat?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know what is on the bottom of the boat?"

"No sir."

"Now, if I should tell you there is a leg of mutton in the boat, would you believe it."

Oh Yes, sir."

"Can you see it?"

"No sir."

"But you would believe it is there."

"Yes sir."

"Well, that would be faith."

Like all good teachers, on the next Sunday he brought up the review, before taking up the new lesson.

"Boys, who can tell me what faith is, this morning?"

Many hands went up.

"Johny you may tell."

And the answer rang out, "A leg of mutton in a boat, sir."

This may illustrate our danger.

And now to apply our aim. Surely the only way is to show how the truth learned can be introduced in each life. To use the simplest of language, homely illustrations, that will touch the individual needs of the class members. What! This in the theological department? Why not? Its members are only children larger grown. Why, many of us fail to see beauty or majesty in our own everlasting mountains and cloud-kissed hills until some poet voices in musical strains their glories. Then we are ready to rejoice and honor the poet, and glorify our Father, the Creator of it all.

So with the lesson. We fail to see its beauty until we are shown wherein the path of action lies—the use it may be put to today in blessing ourselves, or, what is far nobler, in blessing others.

In conclusion let us not forget our great, never changing aim, to promote the spiritual life and implant the love of God.

Sarah Carruth.



THE BABY.

Pudgy hands and pudgy feet,
Round, fat arms the air to beat,
Round fat legs to ceaseless go
Up and down and to and fro;
Vibratory little chap
Squirring in his mother's lap;
Rosebud mouth that loves to crow
That's the baby, you must know.

Brain with baby whims a-kink,
May do anything but think:
Give him time and let him be,
You shall see what you shall see.

Haply 'tis in nature's plan
That this wee, inchoate man
Laurels on his brow may bind—
He's the baby, you must mind.

Pudgy bundle, useless quite
Save to love by day and night,
Love me, though a little, too;
All my dreams turn back to you,
All I missed in life's hot fray,
May it come to you some day,
Comfort, happiness and cheer
You're my baby, baby dear.

Selected.



SALT LAKE CITY, - SEPTEMBER 15, 1905

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BUSINESS INTEGRITY.



OW and then there comes to public attention a young man belonging to the Church whose business integrity is brought into question by either suspicious conduct or downright dishonesty. Such announcements of failure on the moral side of business or official life are always received by the Latter-day Saints with feelings of great disappointment and sorrow.

The good name of the Church is inseparably connected with the integrity and business honor of those who compose it; and every Latter-day Saint in good standing deplores greatly the departure of young men from moral rectitude; but

especially does he deplore the case of those who bear with him a standing in the Church. Her loyal sons are jealous of the good reputation of the Church and consequently of the good reputation of every man and woman who holds a standing in it. When, therefore, our young men make a mistake that reflects upon their own character, they also wound the Church severely.

Mistakes that touch a young man's business honor are largely the result of false notions of what constitutes business success. The idea prevails in many places that money affords a young man the highest passport into society, into places of honor, and into the deference and consideration of his fellow men. Many ambitious youths therefore, feel that they must have money. They will get it honestly, if they can, but they must have money. Such false notions give rise to what has properly become known as "graft" and to questionable means of obtaining wealth. Young men should learn that true success in business life, like true success in religious and family life depends upon the highest order of integrity. Men may get on for a while by cunning and questionable methods, they may enjoy temporary advantages, but the chances are that they will have to give an accounting before the end comes in this life.

Our young men should be taught the unmeasured value of truthfulness and honor in all their business dealings. They should look upon every responsibility in dealing with the funds of others as a sacred and holy trust, and they should

always be proud of the fidelity with which they have discharged that trust. It is a very easy matter of young people to destroy or greatly impair their consciences, but when these consciences which God has ordained for their moral rectitude have been wounded, true happiness goes out of the lives of those who can no longer depend upon this divine guidance. In the long run, the man who practices dishonest methods will lose, and that has been the history of many a man's misfortunes. It is so easy sometimes to confound temporary gains with permanent advancement that young men and inexperienced people are very likely to be misled.

Again, failures in the moral life of a young man are often the result of his lack of faith. Today he enjoys a good remunerative position, but he does not know how long it will last. He becomes fearful and he reasons to himself that if he does not make a stake out of his present opportunities, he may be unfortunate enough in the near future when for some reason the position he now holds will be

taken from him. The trouble is that he has no faith in the future and he therefore does not trust God to reward him day by day for the honorable fulfilment of every duty discharged.

Special care should be taken by parents and by the authorities of the Church everywhere to impress upon our young people the great value of business and official integrity. Let our young people be warned against a present tendency to deal dishonestly with the money of others. Let every man's word or promise be held by him as binding and as sacred as his bond. Let no man borrow unless he intends to return, and will do it. Let no man make a promise, or give his word unless he intends to and will make it good though it may cost him all he has. Let no man sign a note either for himself or as an endorsement for another unless he means to and will meet it when due, or see that it is promptly met according to agreement. Let no man go into debt for that which he can do without until he has the means to pay down. In short, be honest.

Jos. F. Smith.



CURRENT TOPICS.

WORTHY OF ATTENTION.



THE following paragraph is taken from the *Harper's Weekly* of July 1:

Comparisons of Jews with other people in respect to their vitality are made from time to time; and always make for discouragement of the other people in the competition. A new one comes to hand by way of the London *Lancet*, which publishes the result of an investigation of the physical condition of children living in the slums of Leeds. In every case the Jewish children showed a marked superiority in condition. Comparisons were made of three thousand chil-

dren similarly situated as to age, poverty, character and residence. The little eight-year-old Jews were three pounds heavier and two inches taller than the Gentile children of like age. At ten, they were six and a quarter pounds heavier and two and a half inches taller. At twelve, seven pounds heavier and one and a quarter inches taller. Jewish bones and teeth were better, and the *Lancet* notes that the nasal chamber was larger in Jewish children, and that they were remarkably free from adenoids. The characteristic Jewish nose, then, is not without some substantial advantages. The Jewish mothers, it seems, got better care before their children were born and had more milk for their babies,

and after weaning the young Jew children were better and more sensibly fed than the Gentile children. It is a handsome showing for the poor Jews of Leeds, for it means that they are more intelligent than their Gentile neighbors, and doubtless more temperate and manage under difficulties to have a better family life. It would surprise no one to have an investigation of the slums of New York yield statistical results of the same general nature. Of the seven hundred thousand or more New York Jews, a great many are extremely poor. No one seems to doubt that most of them will work out of the hard conditions that encompass them. Because they are Jews they are expected to win. That expectation is a remarkable tribute to something.

The Jewish mother nurses her child and has abundant milk for him. That is not all; the Jewish mother is a more natural mother. Her powers are developed by the free and unrestrained exercise of her maternal nature. She does not limit her family to one or two children. Statistics show that the Jews of New York have the largest families of any class of its population. The Jews are often extremely poor but it does not, as a rule, occur to them that their conditions would be improved by putting a limit upon the number of their children. What the child wants as much as anything else is a good physical start in life. As a matter of fact, the cost of a family is

not to be measured by numbers but rather by the ability of the children to do something for themselves and by their exemption from the frailties and sickness of child life.

In the paragraph above quoted, we have direct evidence that soundness and size of the bodies are with the class that have the larger families. The excuse of quality is not borne out in the theory of one or two children to a family. The extinct races of nations of the earth afford ample evidence of the fallacy that small families make for higher quality. Nations die because they lose their vitality, and vitality is necessary in the moral and intellectual welfare of a race. Lord Roberts has just been warning the Britons that their army is impotent. Its physical powers are deteriorating rapidly, and to such an extent as to create alarm.

The writer says, "of the seven hundred thousand or more New York Jews, a great many are extremely poor. No one seems to doubt that most of them will work out of the hard conditions that encompass them." And it may further be assumed that they will work out of such hard conditions with large families even better than Christian poor of New York whose families are limited in violation of the laws of God.



PROVE ME, SAITH THE LORD.

Bring all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing."—Mal. 3: 10.



DURING the second year of my missionary labors in Norway, I became acquainted with an aged

couple by the name of Olsen, who had but a short time previously joined the Church. They were living in the poor-house and supported by the town. There were about half-a-dozen families living in this institution, and when they learned that Brother and Sister Olsen had become "Mormons," they united in doing all

in their power to heap persecution upon them. They were shunned and isolated, and for a time the Elders were prevented by the police from visiting them. Later we were not so restricted, but had to be very guarded in making our visits, and were not permitted to sing a hymn in the house. Thus these good old people were denied many of the rights and privileges which belonged to them, and were sorely persecuted and for no other reason than that they had embraced an unpopular faith.

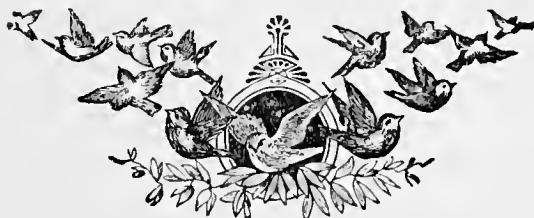
They were praying constantly that the Lord would deliver them from the hands of their enemies. The law or tithing having been taught them, they came to us to know if they were expected to tithe the money which they received from the town for their support. We informed them that they were, agreeing among ourselves that we would return the money to them whenever it was found necessary, for we did not believe that they could exist without it. In view of their circumstances they considered our requirement a supreme test of their faith, but they never wavered. They complied with the law fully and faithfully. They had full confidence in the promise of the Lord. Their happiest moments seemed to be when they came to pay their tithing. They could not wait till the end of the month, but usually paid their dues weekly.

We were not long in observing that a change was coming over their lives. The sunlight of prosperity was beginning to shine upon them. Brother Olsen was

eighty years of age and a cooper by trade, but by reason of failing sight had been unable to get work. Sister Olsen was also aged, and not very strong, but the Lord was pouring out a blessing upon them, both physically and temporally. Brother Olsen's eyesight, through faith and the administration of the Elders, became stronger and he was able to work. Sister Olsen had all the carding and spinning she could do, and the Lord blessed her so that she was able to do considerable of that kind of labor. As the weeks passed by their tithing increased with astonishing rapidity.

One Sunday after meeting, Sister Olsen invited us to come and visit them and to bring our hymn books. We did so, and you may imagine our astonishment to find them no longer in the poor-house, but living in a comfortable home the property of an aged lady, who by reason of failing health was desirous of having some one near her, and had offered Brother and Sister Olsen the privilege of occupying the greater part of the house for a small monthly rental. For the first time, since becoming acquainted, we sang the songs of Zion in the home of these good people and that without being molested. We all acknowledged the hand of the Lord in the wonderful change that had been wrought. Looking back we saw the poor-house, persecution and dependency upon the public. Now there was rejoicing in a private home, personal liberty and financial independence. The Lord had kept His promise.

J. M. Lauritzen.



KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT

Edited by Donnette Smith Kesler and Rebecca Morris

FOURTH SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

Thought for teacher—care and kindness.

1. Song. Good-Morning to the Glad New Day.
2. Hymn.
3. The Lord's Prayer.
4. Song —Bee Song.
5. Morning Talk.

The days are getting shorter and cooler now. The Summer's work is almost done the fruits are nearly all ripe and most of the grains and hay are stored away. The warm sun has done its part.

The people who have been away in the canyons have returned home, the children are again in school and everything seems to tell us that the summer is going and the Fall will soon be here. (Mention the special things in which your children are interested and have them tell of things or bring things (colored leaves, fruits, flowers) which tell us that summer is over).

6. Nature Story.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown Thrush thought themselves very fortunate when they found a large brush heap in which they could make their nest. But one day, after the nest was finished and the eggs were laid, Mr. Thrush heard some news which made him change his mind.

"Oh! my dear," he said to his wife when she came home after her daily exercise, "we have made a mistake. This brush heap that we thought was such a good place for our nest, is to be burned to-morrow! What shall we do? Our eggs will all be ruined!"

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Thrush "they will

not be burned. I will watch for the master to-morrow and show him that I have a nest here and he will not burn it up. Have you not noticed how many birds there are on the place? The master never allows any one to hurt them. In fact, the red birds and mocking birds, who stay here all winter tell me that he puts food where they can get it when they can find none themselves."

"Then," said Mr. Thrush, "perhaps he will spare our nest. You can try, at any rate."

So the next day, when the master came near the brush heap, Mrs. Thrush flew to a tree growing close by and then back to her nest again, several times.

"Robert," said the master to the man who helped him on the farm, "see that thrush! She acts as if she had a nest in that brush heap. Yes, she has! I can see it. It will not do to burn the brush now, for that would destroy her nest, and yet I need to plough the ground for the late corn that I want to raise. I know what we can do. Get four long sticks from the wood pile and we will move the brush away."

Robert brought the sticks; then, by placing themselves on opposite sides of the brush, crossing the sticks and putting them under the heap, the two men moved it to another place (a fact). After that the horse was fastened to the plow and the ground was plowed.

Then the farmer and his man planted the corn. Meantime, Mrs. Thrush, anxious to cover her eggs, had flown back to the nest as soon as the men had left the brush heap; and she sat looking contentedly on at their work.

Some days later a rain storm came. The

bird eggs did not get wet, however, for they were kept warm and dry under the mother's wings; but the raindrops trickled down into the earth and gave the kernels of corn a drink.

The corn began to grow and it got taller and taller as its roots sucked in food from the earth and its leaves sucked in food from the air, and the farmer and Robert took care to clean the weeds away so they would not hurt it.

While the corn was still growing Mrs. Thrush heard one day a queer little hammering sound in the nest; and she said to Mr. Thrush, "Now our eggs are ready to hatch. I am so glad! But I must help the little ones to come out of their shells."

So, with the mother's help the shells were broken and the little birds came out. Then began a busy time for the parent birds. The nestlings had great appetites, and Mr. and Mrs. Thrush brought them many a bug and worm which would have hurt the farmer's corn and other crops if the birds had not eaten them. The parent birds thus helped the farmer who had been so kind to them.

Mrs. Thrush taught her little ones to fly, after which they could catch worms and bugs for themselves. When they were old enough they left the nest but they stayed on the farm. And when the corn was ripe and the farmer was gathering it so that it could be stored in the barn for winter use, the thrushes sang their prettiest songs, as if to thank the farmer for saving their lives before they were hatched.

BIRD THOUGHTS.

I lived first in a little house,
And lived there very well,
I thought the world was small and round
And made of pale blue shell.

I lived next in a little nest,
Nor needed any other,
I thought the world was made of straw,
And brooded by my mother.

One day I fluttered from the nest
To see what I could find,
I said: "The world is made of leaves
I have been very blind."

At length I flew beyond the trees,
Quite fit for grown up labors,—
I don't know how the world is made,
And neither do my neighbors."

7. Rest Exercise.

The song on page 78, Patty Hill book, may be learned as a rest exercise. After a few moments of activity the first verse may be sung by all while the right hand represents the baby going to sleep on the left arm. Sing softly and tenderly.

Bye, baby! Night is come,
And the sun is going home,
Bye, baby bye! Bye, baby bye!
All the flowers have shut their eyes,
On the grass a shadow lies,
Bye, baby bye, O bye, baby bye.

(When the babies have gone to sleep lay them down carefully in your laps, like mother puts her baby in the cradle, do not drop the hands suddenly. This song, if sung properly, will put your children in an attitude for listening to a story or talk).

8. Bible Story.

Review the story of the Prodigal Son.

9. Children's Period.

10. Song, prayer, march out.

FIRST SUNDAY OCTOBER 1ST.

Thought for teacher: God's providence.

1. Song. Choose.

2. Hymn. Choose.

3. The Lord's Prayer.

4. Song. "Who Taught the Birds."

5. Morning Talk.

Talk of what the farmers are doing and of what is being done in the home.

The fruits, vegetables, grains, etc., are

all ripe and most of them are stored away for safe keeping. Where are the grains? Vegetables? Fruits? Hay? Straw? Has the harvest been good? Why? Recall what the sunshine and rain have done to help everything grow. What do we call the moisture found on the grass or ground early in the morning? Of what benefit is the dew? If the day be cloudy sing to the friendly clouds or rain drops.

6- Bible Story.

ELIJAH FED BY THE RAVENS. (1 KINGS XVII.)

A long, long time ago there was a very good man called Elijah. He served the Lord and taught the people how to do right, but the king, Ahab, had grown very wicked and most of the people did as the king did.

Elijah tried to tell the king about the Lord, but Ahab would not listen, so Elijah told him that as sure as the Lord lived there would come no more dew nor rain to give the grass and trees and grains a drink until the king and the people repented and were willing to listen to him. This made the king very angry, so the Lord told Elijah to go away and hide by a brook or small stream of water called Cherith, so that he would have water to drink, and that the ravens (explain what ravens are, show a picture if possible) would feed him there.

Elijah did as the Lord told him and the ravens took him food every morning and evening, and in this way the Lord took care of him because he was good and obedient in all things. But what do you think happened after a while? No rain came and there was no dew on the grass in the mornings. Everything got brown and dry and at last the brook that Elijah was living by dried up; so the Lord told him to arise and go to a city a long way off, and that a widow would take care of him. When Elijah came to the gate of the

city he saw a woman gathering sticks to make a fire and he called to her and said, "Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water that I may drink," and as she was going to get the water he called to her again and said, bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thy hand," then the woman turned to him and said, "As the Lord thy God liveth I have only a handful of meal in a barrel and little oil in a cruise and I am gathering sticks that I may go in and cook it for me and my son, for it is all that I have left." Then Elijah answered, "Fear not, but go and make me a little cake first and bring it unto me, and then make some for thee and for thy son for thus sayeth the Lord, the barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruise of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth.

The good woman made a cake and took it to Elijah and still there was plenty for her son and herself. Elijah stayed with the woman for some time and the meal and the oil never grew less, for the Lord blessed the good woman and all that she had.

7. Rest Exercise.

Choose or give "The Dove Cote," as suggested in JUVENILE August 15th.

8. Story.

CRICKETS AND SEA GULLS.

I am sure we could never grow tired of listening to stories about the pioneers, the good men, and women and children who first came to Utah.

They were so brave and good that we can learn much from them.

When the pioneers came to Utah they had to work hard to make gardens and to set out fruit and shade trees and to build houses and barns.

The first winter spent here was a very hard one. The cows and horses were poor and when spring time came the peo-

ple ate wild sego and parsnip roots which they dug from the ground and the children were often hungry because their papas and mamas could not give them enough to eat.

At last the seeds which had been sown in the ground began to grow, and it looked as though they would soon have wheat and corn for bread, and potatoes and other things to eat, so the people were happy,

But in May and June (1848) large swarms of crickets, large black bugs came and were eating every blade of grass and every leaf that they could find.

The people drove and fought them and tried to save their gardens and crops, but the crickets cleaned the earth of everything wherever they went.

One man had been driving the crickets for several hours and he knew there was very little in his house to eat, but he felt so tired and hungry that he went in and asked his wife for a drink of milk so he could go back and fight the crickets again.

He drank some milk and went back to the field, but very soon he returned to the house, and sitting down he began to wipe his forehead and face with his handkerchief.

His wife, who was little more than a girl, asked him what was the matter and he answered, "The gulls have come." Then his wife began to cry. "Oh, she said, "Now we shall starve to death sure," but her husband laughed for joy and soon explained that instead of doing more harm the sea gulls, large white or white and gray birds which look something like ducks — (show a picture of the bird if you can) had come in great flocks from the islands in the lake (we can see some of the islands from Saltair) and were eating the crickets and helping the people to save their crops.

Day after day the gulls feasted on the

crickets eating all they could and then throwing them up and eating again until the crickets were all gone and the thankful and astonished people looked on in wonder and praised God for sending the gulls to help them.

From that day to this the gulls have been sacred to the people of Utah.

9. Children's Period.

10. Closing Song.

11. March out.

(Whenever you have time practice one or more of your songs. Do not select a few and use them always. Have a variety and enjoy singing them.)

SECOND SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8.

1. Song. Summer Song.

2. Hymn. Choose.

3. The Lord's Prayer.

4. Song.

This morning we are to have a new song that tells us of some of the things that are happening now. Listen while I tell you the story:

Clouds of gray are in the sky,
Flocks of birds are passing by,
Trees now dressed in faded brown,
Send their leaves all rustling down.
Little flow'rets downward creep,
Nod their drowsy heads and sleep.
All the world must say "good-night."
Till spring comes back with sunshine bright.

Look out of the windows and see if there are any gray clouds today. What do gray clouds bring to us?

I wonder if any one can tell me where the birds are going? The second line says "Flocks of birds are passing by." Yes, they are going to the South or where they will be warm all winter. When I was a little girl I used to like to hear the story of the fine, fat, fluffy little birds, that sat on the bank of a big river of water, waiting for something to come and

help them over to the other side, for their wings were not strong enough to carry them so far.

One day a large white bird called a crane went flying by and the five fat, fluffy little birds flew up and asked if he would carry them across the big water. "I cannot" he answered "I have all I can care for," then the five little birds saw that his back was covered with tiny birds each one holding on to his feathers with their beaks and claws. Not long after another crane came and he had room for more passengers so the five fat, fluffy little birds flew on to his back as quickly as they could and away the crane flew. It almost took the little birds' breath away at first but soon they were across the big water and thanking the crane, they flew away to find some dinner and a good place to stay.

The next part of the story says,

"Trees now dressed in faded brown,
Send their leaves all rustling down."

How many of you have walked through the leaves on the sidewalks? If you look at the trees you will see that the leaves are putting on their fall dresses and are getting ready to cover over the flowers and seeds, to keep them warm when Jack Frost comes to see us again, and

"Little flow'rets downward creep
Nod their drowsy heads and sleep."

Let us see if we can go to sleep like the flowers do. I see some drowsy heads nodding. "All the world must say "good-night," like we do when we are ready for bed. "Till spring comes back with sunshine bright." The flowers' night is all winter and our night is just while it is dark.

(When teaching a new song make it just as interesting to the children as possible. The teacher might sing the song to the class first and then let the children help her the next time. The children must learn the words little by little and the more interesting the song is made to them, the quicker they can learn it).

Practice this song for a little while. Patty Hill book, page 22.

5. Bible Story.

Retell the story of Elijah with the help of the children.

6. Rest Exercise.

7. Story.

Retell the Bird story in JUVENILE of September or select your own.

8. Children's Period.

9. Closing Song and march out.



KEEPING THE LIGHT.

Among the stations in the Canadian lighthouse service is one upon Island Damien, where the force consisted of four people, the keeper, his wife and two assistants. One day the three men went out on the ice. They never returned. Before the woman's eyes they were swept down by the breaking ice-floes.

Months after, when the supply-ship reached the island with its supplies

for four, it was met by the lone woman.

"How did you get through the winter?" the skipper asked. They were used to heroism in the service, but the thought of those terrible months caught at the heart.

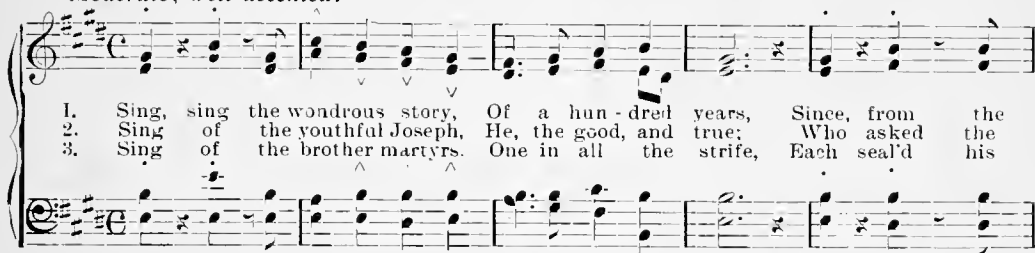
This was her reply, which should not be easily forgotten:

"I don't know. I only know that I have kept the light burning."

SING THE WONDROUS STORY.

Words and Music by Evan Stephens.

Moderato, well accented.



1. Sing, sing the wondrous story, Of a hun-dred years, Since, from the
 2. Sing of the youthful Joseph, He, the good, and true; Who asked the
 3. Sing of the brother martyrs. One in all the strife, Each seal'd his



courts of glo-ry To this vale of tears, God sent His chosen ser-vant
 Heavenly Father How His will to do, Sing how from heaven de-scend-ed
 tes-ti-mo-ny With his mor-tal life. Sing how the work has prospered,



rit.
 To restore a-gain The Gospel long since taken From the midst of men,
 Father and the Son, And gave the boy the answer, Which his faith had won.
 Spreading o'er the earth; Sing, sing our thanks to Heaven, For a Prophet's birth.



IN OLD OHIO.

A NIGHT OF TRIAL.



HERE was the lull before the storm. Men and women looked at each other in blank amazement. From the end of the table where the younger men were seated

arose the hum of low, yet excited conversation. The father sat as one crushed. He would have given all he possessed could he have recalled his last remarks. Alas! it was too late. A hundred thoughts and impulses rushed through his mind:

whether those of sorrow or anger were the stronger would be hard to tell. At last he could bear it no longer.

"Neighbors," said he, in a voice trembling with emotion, "this comes as a shock to me. I want you all to understand that I have no sympathy with the views which this young man has expressed, and unless he renounces them I assure both you and him that this house cannot be his home. I—I cannot control my feelings. You will have to excuse me. I—I thank—you all—for—your—help today," and with a choking in his throat Mr. Thompson turned and walked hurriedly into the brush.

One by one the teams were harnessed and the workers took their departure. There were mothers there, who silently pressed Mrs. Thompson's hand. Looking in her face they could not find words to speak. The men shook hands with Ballantyne and the younger boys. Of Daniel they took but little notice, although he gave assistance wherever it was needed. He had made his own bed and he must lie on it. Some of the grumblers, grouped in a knot by themselves, talked hurriedly together. Then Sharp came to Daniel and called him aside.

"I say, Dan'l, this here's a purty how de do. Cain't ye see how yer poor ol' pap an' mam's cut up over it. We uns ain't goin' ter hev none o' yer crowd in these here parts, an' ye've either got ter quit it or git. If we uns hear tell o' yer goin' tew ony more o' them meetin's or a doin' ony preachin', we'll make it so hot fur ye that ye'll wish ye'd never been borned."

Without awaiting an answer, Sharp mounted his horse, joined his companions and rode away. The Thompsons and the Ballantynes were all that were left, and, as the Thompson family had brought over all their belongings during the past two days, they would soon be alone. It was

then that Hester, who for the time being assumed charge of affairs, went over to the farmer and said:

"Mr. Ballantyne, I don't know how we can thank you for all that you have done for us. Too bad that Daniel had to spoil the day. I know one thing. His father and mother never will give in to him. If I were you, Mr. Ballantyne, I wouldn't let Daniel and Mary see very much of each other. Not that I care, but if they are by themselves they will soon get these crazy ideas out of their heads. I'll do my best to bring Daniel around."

"An, yer may 'pend 'pon it, my gal, thet I'll fix Mary if she don't come tew time. Won't let her see Dan'l, nohow, ez long ez he's so sot in his ways—"

"And please, Mr. Ballantyne, don't let any more of those preachers stop at your house. I'm sure Mr. Thompson will not let them stay here."

I'll 'tend to thet part uv it all right. 'Tween the tew on us we orter git shet uv o' them fellers."

"Thank you. Goodnight. Goodnight Mrs. Ballantyne. Goodnight children!"

"Good-bye, Hester! Tell Mr. and Mrs. Thompson goodbye for us."

So the compact was entered into between the avowed unbeliever and the professing Christian, but who can hinder the work of the Lord?

Daniel was leaning against a rude log pen that had been hastily thrown together to accommodate the horses and cow that had been purchased since the arrival of the family. He had helped with the evening chores. Now it was dark, and he was alone thinking over the events of the day. Suddenly he felt a soft touch on his arm.

"Daniel, please, I want to talk to you a little while. May I?"

By his side stood Hester—not the Hester of the last few bitter weeks, but the Hester of his boyhood days, the old

smile on her lips, the familiar light in her eye, the same sweet voice. He almost wished she had not come just then.

"Daniel," her voice was very low and there were tears in it, "do you remember the autumn evening when you told us that you were going west? We used to call each other brother and sister then. Do you remember how we stood at the gate, and looked up toward Toby or down the valley toward Holyoke and Tom? Doesn't the picture come up before you? Do you remember how we talked by the fireplace on winter nights of what you would do in the west: of how you would get a home for your parents, or would come back to make happy their declining years? We talked of other things, Daniel, you and I. You remember them, I know. So do I. Oh! we were all so proud of you. You have talents. You had ambition. What has become of it? Why, rather than have this thing go on any longer your father and mother would sacrifice all and return home. Oh! Daniel, my brother, can't you show your love for them, your duty to them? Can't we have those happy days back again? For their sake, for my sake, for your own sake, for the high ideals that you once had, do stop this course before it is too late. Won't you go to your father and tell him that you are sorry for what you said, and then do as he wants you to in the matter?"

"Hester, you don't know how your words wring my heart, but I cannot do it."

"Cannot? Why, Daniel, if you love your parents you would think of the disgrace and sorrow you are bringing upon them. If you had heard them pray for you, as I have done, you could not be so obstinate, so cruel."

"He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me."

"Don't you dare quote Bible to me, sir, after your heartless and infamous conduct."

"'Heartless! infamous!' and that to me Hester?"

"Forgive me, Daniel. We are all so wrought up that we scarcely know what to say. We cannot understand you. You have changed so much."

"I have not changed, but I have found the truth."

"Truth!" Her tone changed to one of contempt. "Is it truth that you have found, or Mary Ballantyne that you are seeking?"

"Please do not mention her name. She is a good girl and a fellow-believer in the Gospel. In other ways she is nothing to me."

"Then all the symptoms are deceiving. And so you really intend to desert us for these ignorant, illiterate, vulgar associates?"

"No, I intend to remain here so long as father permits; but I also intend to remain true to the Gospel. If it comes to an issue I must leave home."

"Daniel Thompson, I came out to you as a sister. You care nothing for me, for your parents, for any of us, for nothing but your vile religion and Mary Ballantyne. I hate you. I loathe you. I despise you," and with an angry stamp the girl disappeared in the gloom.

When Daniel went back to the roofless house, he found his father alone by a dying campfire. He would have passed in silence, but Mr. Thompson detained him.

"My boy, I believe that I spoke rather harshly today, but I meant every word that I said. Until this new craze you have always been a good, obedient son—your mother's pride and mine. You have worked nobly for us this spring, but you are breaking our hearts. Let the matter rest for the present. Goodnight, God bless you!"

All night long Daniel tossed fitfully on his bed of corn husks. In his broken dreams he saw the dear old Massachusetts

home, now more sacred than ever. He saw Hester's wistful eyes; heard her gentle voice pleading with him. He lived over the happy days that could never come again. In his waking moments rekindled ambitions that had long been sleeping thronged his mind—the great west, the future, the wondrous possibilities. Should he give them all up? Was the Gospel worth the price? Stealthily he arose and paced the forest path, lighted only by the dim starshine that fell through the trembling leaves. Then back, but not to rest. For such tried souls there is no recourse but to prayer, and Daniel wrestled through the livelong night in agony of soul. In the evening he had said that he could give up all for the Gospel's sake. When the first flush of dawn came over the tree tops, he knew that he could do so. He arose, not rested but happy. The light of triumph was in his eye. He was ready for the hard day's work before him.

Daniel was not the only one to whom the night was a season of trial. As soon as the Ballantynes reached their home the farmer rehearsed the scene at the supper table, with embellishments of his own for Mary's especial benefit. He told what he would do in case any preachers came to his door, and he seemed more harsh than

ever before to his daughter. She was forbidden to go to the Thompsons, and if, by any chance, Daniel should come over she must not speak to him.

"If Mr. Thompson's man 'nuff tew turn his son out, I reckon I kin do the same by my darter. Ye kin stay ter hum an' min' yer own bisness arter this."

Mrs. Ballantyne coincided with all her husband's views. She promised Mary plenty of work to keep her busy, and then berated her so for her conduct that the poor girl knew not which way to turn. In despair she sought the solitude of her room and wept bitterly. A man can change his environment more easily than can a woman. Although Mary did not express her thoughts in these words, she felt their force and wished with all her heart that it were possible for her to get away from those who were treating her so cruelly. She felt that she had not one earthly friend left.

Upon the other converts of the clearings the blow had not yet fallen. No missionaries had as yet visited their homes. Perhaps they were more cautious in keeping their religious convictions to themselves. At all events they escaped the persecution that now made miserable the lives of Daniel and Mary; but, sooner or later it was sure to come.



DOING RIGHT RIGHTLY.

Even right must be done rightly. It is no longer right if it be wrongly accomplished. Many a right endeavor has failed because of a wrong method. God is ready to direct us as to what is right, and to guard us on the way that leads to it. Moses was warned, as the holy desire rose within his mind to build the taber-

nacle: See, saith He, "that thou make them after their pattern, which hath been showed thee in the mount." The divinest work must be divinely wrought. Neither the end justifies the means, nor is the end at all dependent upon what may seem to us the only possible means. God is Lord of both.—*Sunday School Times.*



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THE BOY SHOEMAKER OF BERRYVILLE

XV.

Will the mother, deserted, sad hearted and lone,
Forgive the ingratitude, take back her own?
Ask Him who left ninety and nine to seek
For one that was wayward, misguided and weak.

Anxious Waiting—A Welcome Letter.

HAVE you heard anything yet, Mrs. Ansen?" asked Hester Mathews from her carriage, drawing up her reins and stopping her horses to speak to Digit's mother.

"Not a word!" replied Mrs. Ansen, a small, dark woman, "and I feel as if I couldn't live another day in this awful suspense." She put down on the ground a basket of newly washed and ironed clothes which she was taking home to the owner, and went a step or two nearer to the Mathews' carriage.

"I declare, Mrs. Mathews," she continued, "it is worse than it would be to hear he was dead and had died honorably. I don't know what I'm made of that I don't die. I don't know what I should do if I couldn't work. You would think this great trouble would have weakened me so I couldn't work. But no, it seems as though my nerves, instead of being unstrung are strung up until I just have to keep on the go, or I should go all to pieces."

"Yes!" said Mrs. Mathews, contemplatively, "but this flying about as you are doing is not exactly the right thing for you, after all. Put your basket of clothes up here into the carriage, and get in yourself. I'll take you where you have to go."

"Indeed no! thank you Mrs. Mathews," said the little washer woman. "Suppose if I did, we should meet the Honorable Mr. George Mathews, what do you think he would say to his wife for having her carriage loaded in that way?"

"There would still be room for him to ride, if he wanted to," said Mrs. Mathews laughing. "And he carried a drunken man home in this same carriage the other evening, to save trouble between him and others. Don't you think that was a less respectable passenger than an honest working woman? Come, hand your basket here, and get in yourself. I want to talk with you a little."

Being thus urged, the poor, pale, tired washerwoman put her basket of clothes into the rich lady's handsome carriage and climbed in herself. She was going to get into the back seat, but Hester Mathews said good-naturedly, "No, no, Lydia! Sit here by me. I want to talk with you."

Lydia Ansen felt as though her faded, well worn dress, although it was clean and neat, would almost contaminate the costly,

beautiful clothing of her kind friend, but Hester did not think of it. She was driving the team herself from choice, so she and Lydia were alone in the carriage, and could have a confidential talk, which she began by asking,

"Now, Lydia, have you thought how all this pressure of excitement may terminate if you do not get rid of some of it before anything happens?"

Mrs. Ansen looked at her blankly. "I can tell you," continued Hester. "This working and working right up to your fullest capacity all the while, as you have been doing, is unnatural, and therefore unwise. You will have to come down gradually from this high tension to which your nervous system is strung up, or after a time you will give way altogether and collapse. Then you might linger and suffer a long time, and you do not know what effect it might have on your boy, when he comes back."

"When he comes back!" repeated Mrs. Ansen. "No one knows if he ever will."

"Oh yes, he will, Lydia, you may be sure of that. And it will not be very long before he will come, either."

"You say," and Mrs. Mathews spoke very cheerfully and confidently now, "that you have come to feel as if you just could not bear the long-drawn out suspense a day longer. And I have noticed so many times that when I get to feeling like that, a change is sure to come. We couldn't bear a thing like that very long, it would certainly kill any one. Now you'll see that before night, something will happen that will relieve you greatly. And you want to prepare yourself for it, so you will not be overcome."

"What do you think it will be that will come?" asked Lydia.

"News of some kind, or perhaps the boy himself," answered Hester with an encouraging smile.

"Oh, Mrs. Mathews!" said Lydia, "I do

not know as my boy will ever dare to come back here."

Hester started at this strange expression from Digit's mother.

"Not dare to come back! What do you mean by that, Lydia? Hasn't Digit always been a good boy? I never heard a wrong thing about him. What's the matter?"

"Well," began Mrs. Ansen, feeling that the extra kindness Mrs. Mathews was showing her entitled that lady to a specially confidential hearing. "Digit has always been good and considerate of me, until now, his running away, and—well—he took with him the little money we had saved together and were going to buy a carpet with. That wasn't very honest and good, you know, to steal from his own mother."

"Don't you call that stealing, Lydia!" broke in Mrs. Mathews. "Don't you be the one to speak evil of your own son, when, evidently no evil has been meant by him. You will find out that Digit's whole plan in this affair, whatever it is that has drawn him away from you, has been to get means with which to make you more comfortable and happy in life. Never say, or think again, Lydia, that your boy would steal. I hope you have not intimated that much to any one besides me, have you?" "No, Mrs. Mathews, I haven't no one else has taken the trouble to talk with me about it. Every one else seems too full of other concerns to notice mine." "Well, I will notice you in your trouble, and I will help you all I can. One way I want to help you is to warn you against censuring Digit, severely, either in talking to others about him, or in reproving him, personally, when you see him again. Don't you lose faith in him. He is your own son. Believe in him, trust him, and I am confident he will repay your patience and forbearance with him by-and-by. Above all, Lydia, never say anything

that can tend to blacken your boy's character. I know what it is for the actions of a young, thoughtless person to be misconstrued and made to appear wrong when no wrong was intended. But for the timely assistance of a noble and wise woman, who lifted me out of a pit into which I had unconsciously walked, oh, I don't dare to think what might have become of me!"

"Of you, Mrs. Mathews! Were you ever in trouble like that?" asked Lydia in surprise. "Indeed I was!" answered Hester, "I suffered, it seems to me, about as much as mortals ever do and come out all right at last. And I can sympathize with others when I see them in distress of any kind."

"Here's where I leave the basket of clothes, thank you ever so much for all your goodness, Mrs. Mathews. I shall remember all your helpful words," said Mrs. Ansen as the carriage stopped and she got out.

"Right here is the post office, too," said Mrs. Mathews. "Do your errand, Lydia, and then go in and ask for a letter; who knows but one may be waiting for you? I will wait and see, and will take you 'round to your home; Mr. Mathews will not be ready to go home yet."

Mrs. Ansen needed no urging to make haste. In less than five minutes she was again seated by Hester in the carriage, and sure enough, she hugged to her bosom a real letter directed to herself in Digit's own, broad stubby hand writing.

"Oh, Mrs. Mathews!" she was saying, "I never can thank you enough, never, never!" And long pent up tears were gushing profusely from her eyes.

"Never mind, Lydia," Mrs. Mathews said. "I will drive slowly, and you open and read your letter, and then tell me where he is and what he is doing."

Leaning restfully back in the carriage cushions, the tired little washerwoman

did as her friend suggested, brightening visibly as she read her letter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



THE LETTER-BOX.

Plenty of Snow in Winter.

KLINE, COLORADO.

Mama said I might write to the Letter-Box today. I like Sabbath School, mama is my teacher. The snow was very deep here last winter. Most of the men and boys had to go on snowshoes, even to do the chores.

COMFORT SLADE
10 years old.



That Terrible Explosion.

GRANGER WARD, UTAH.

I am eight years old. I like school but had to stay out on account of sickness. Last spring we had an explosion at our ward meeting house. It killed a young lady and injured a great many more. My papa took me to see the building after it happened. Everything was torn to pieces. I think it was one of the most dreadful things that ever happened.

MANASSEH WILLIAMS SMITH.



Picture Taken.

STATE LINE.

Dear little brothers and sisters who read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR: Mama is going to subscribe for that lovely paper. We have had the pleasure of reading some we borrowed. Now the lady is going away, and we want it for ourselves. This is a mining camp. We have no Sabbath School here. This morning some men camped here on their way to Gold Field. They had six donkeys, and they took my picture on one's

back by their tent. I am nine years old.

ARTHUR DRAKE.



Four Letters.

VINEYARD, UTAH.

Four girls write from this place, which they mention as being seven miles from Provo. Each of the four writers tells of the Sunday School, the Primary, the abundance of fruit raised in the settlement and the pleasant times they have, gathering wild flowers, etc. These little ladies are Pearl Williams, twelve years old, Ruth Blake, same age, Erma Smoot, (the Bishop's daughter) also twelve, and Anna Hawkes, aged ten years.



Sister in Logan.

TRENTON, CACHE VALLEY, UTAH.

I am nine years old. I like school. I have to go two miles and a half to it. My sister Iva is going to the Brigham Young College in Logan.

LIZZIE BINGHAM.



Answer and Charade.

BERKLEY, CALIFORNIA.

Dear Merle:

The answer we have found to your charade is "Orson Whitney." "A Utah writer."

Now here is my charade for others to guess:

My whole is of thirteen letters.

1, 9, 5, 6, is a sort of plum.

8, 9, 10, is a tin vessel.

8, 9, 4, 5, 3, is a load.

7 is something that belongs to the Chinaman.

2 is the same letter as 6.

12 is the same as 3.

10, 11 and 13 are the same letter.

The whole is the name of an early Utah editor.

MAX CHAMBERLIN.

Aged 11 years.



Sickness in the Family.

CENTERFIELD, SANPETE CO., UTAH.

We had a very cold season last winter. And then we had sickness in our family this year. First my little brother was sick, and then my little sister. But now they are both well. Maybe this little letter will encourage some one else to write of Centerfield. I love to read the little letters in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. This is my first trial.

EVELENE HANSEN,

13 years old.



Two Letters from the Same Place.

SIBLET, IDAHO.

I am seven years old. I like to go to Sunday School and Primary. I have some pigeons and a little black and white dog. I have a little colt but it is wild.

GAMET HUTCHISON.

I have fun reading the little letters. I have a pet colt. The other day I got on him to have a ride, but he threw me off. Our Sunday School superintendent is Brother P. J. Nelson. I am nine years old.

LLOYD HUTCHISON.



Better do the little thing you can do to-day, than wait for the great thing you would like to do to-morrow.



All men have their frailties, and whoever looks for a friend without imperfection will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults and we ought to love our friends in like manner.



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